

SOLD SHOTGUN FOR TEN DOLLARS

And Fled on Western Canada Land. Now Worth \$50,000.

Lawrence Bros. of Vero, Saskatchewan, are looked upon as being among the most progressive farmers in Western Canada. They have had their "ups-and-downs," and know what it is to be in tight places. They persevered, and are now in an excellent financial position. Their story is an interesting one. Coming in from the states they traveled overland from Calgary across the Battle river, the Red Deer river, through the Eagle Hills and on to Battleford. On the way their horses were stolen, but this did not discourage them. They had some money, with which they bought more horses, and some provisions. When they reached Battleford they had only money enough to pay their baggage over the Saskatchewan river, and this they had to borrow. It was in 1906 that they fled as homesteaders, having to sell a shotgun for ten dollars in order to get sufficient money to do so. Frank Lawrence says:

"Since that time we have acquired altogether a section and a half of land, in addition to renting another three quarters of a section. If we had to sell out now we could probably realize about \$50,000, and have made all this since we came here. We get crops in this district of from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre and out from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre. Stock here pays well. We have 1,700 sheep, 70 cattle and 60 horses, of which a number are registered Clydes."

Similar successes might be given of the experiences of hundreds of farmers throughout Western Canada, who have done comparatively as well. Why should they not do well? Well, they have comfortable homes, with all modern equipments, electric light, steam heat, pure ventilation, and automobiles. Speaking of automobiles it will be a revelation to the reader to learn that during the first half of 1917, 16,000 automobile licenses were issued in Alberta, twice as many as in the whole of 1916. In Saskatchewan, 21,000 licenses were issued up to the first of May, 1917. In its monthly bulletin for June the Canadian Bank of Commerce makes special reference to this phase and to the general prosperity of the West.

"Generally speaking, the western farmer is in many respects in a much better position than hitherto to increase his production. Two years of high prices for his products have enabled him, even with a normal crop, to liquidate a substantial proportion of his liabilities and at the same time to buy improved farm machinery. His prosperity is reflected in the demand for building materials, motor cars and other equipment. It is no doubt true that some extravagance is evidenced by the astonishing demand for motor cars, but it must be remembered that many of these cars will make for efficiency on the farm and economize both time and labor."—Advertisement.

Their Transportation.
"How are they getting along?"
"Very poorly. They're still driving their 1914 model car."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.
You will look ten years younger if you follow the advice of the hairdresser by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Ad.

METROPOLIS OF THE WILDS

Spokane, City of a Hundred and Fifty Thousand People, Has Good Trout Fishing Within Limits.

A city of a hundred and fifty thousand people that has good trout fishing within its city limits and Indians living in their tribes a mile and a half away is something that you cannot grasp unless you know the West. And even if you do Spokane would strike you as something of a surprise. It looks as though it had been built yesterday in what was a virgin wilderness the day before—and yet made complete with street cars and electric lights and everything that you could find in a New England town, except, perhaps, the cultured atmosphere.

The Spokaneites do not miss the cultured atmosphere. If you asked about it they would probably tell you that they prefer the smell of the pines. For there are an outdoors living crew. A crisis of Spokane may attend a board of directors' meeting in the heart of the city at 10 a. m. and at 4 p. m. may be hunting bear. The mountain folk crowd right down upon the city and there are fifty lakes within a radius of a hundred miles.

Spokane, like Rome, was not built in a day, but it was set up at a rate that makes all of those old saws about how long it takes to do things look hollow and meaningless. It was only in 1828 that the Indians got their first decisive defeat in this region and the first locomotive arrived in 1881. By 1880 they had something of a town started, but it was wiped out by fire that year.

The real growth began when the river was turned into electric power—170,000 horses. From this giant dynamo electricity radiates out through the canyons to hundreds of miles, driving the power trains into the bowels of the mountains, bringing wealth to the city, which sits like a spider at the center of its mighty web or current.

Plenty of men believe that it is better to smoke a poor cigar than none at all.

"OUR GROCER TOLD ME"
—Booby—
"After talking to you Post Toasties they don't like a combination of them."

The GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN," ETC.

ELINOR FINDS HERSELF THE OBJECT OF WALTER HUFF'S FIERCE JEALOUSY AND IS FRIGHTENED WHEN THE YOUTH THREATENS TO "GET" WARD, WHO ALSO IS TORN BY JEALOUSY

Synopsis.—For years old Hilary Kingston lived with his daughter, Elinor, in a beautiful home on a hill in the suburban village of Woffingham. The neighbors knew nothing about the establishment, except that the father was quite wealthy, and the daughter, very good looking and gentle. In reality Kingston was head of an anarchist band, composed of Huff, Boroday, Talbot and Lethbridge, that robbed the rich and gave to the poor and oppressed. One day Old Hilary was shot dead, and the course of life changed abruptly for his daughter. The Rev. Mr. Ward, a young bachelor, began to take an uncommon interest in Elinor. Young Walter Huff of the gang confessed his love for her and she accepted it. Then Boroday was arrested on suspicion and his companions persecuted. Huff was badly disappointed in the amount secured. Huff turned the parish house, hoping to steal funds that would be raised immediately to rebuild it. Elinor became more interested in the assistant rector after he nearly lost his life in the fire.

CHAPTER VII.

Ward brought her a cup of coffee, and drank it. In his satisfaction while she drank it. In his eyes there was a mixture of depression and joy. The parish house was gone, and this girl before him was to marry another man, but they would build another parish house, and who knew—

He drove her up the hill in his small car. At the top of the rise he stopped the car and looked back. The night's devastation showed clearly, a black wound in the smiling heart of the valley. Elinor watched him.

"It means a great deal to you, doesn't it?"
"It's rather a facet—Of course we will build again, but there are things that could not be replaced. That isn't what troubles me. The fact is, I am afraid I'm responsible."

"I was there last night alone. I have a bad habit, when I have a mental problem to worry out, of walking up and down a room and lighting one cigarette after another. I am reckless with matches."

Then, perhaps, after all, Walter had not done it?
The car climbed slowly. Ward kept his eyes straight ahead. Elinor cast little side glances at his profile.

"You said you had something to worry out."

He drew a long breath.
"I have had an offer to go to New York to be a big church. It's rather a wonderful opportunity."

Elinor made no sign except to clutch her hands as they lay unglued in her lap.
"Then you will be leaving—us?"
"No," he said, "I shall not be leaving you."

"You like it here?"
"Very much." He turned and looked down at her. It was unwise. He realized that at once. So frail she looked, so softly, tenderly feminine! And because he knew that after the night, he had not yet got control over himself, the merest hint of a smile as she got out of the machine was all he dared. But at the top of the steps Elinor turned.

"You will never know just how sorry I am," she said, and went through her garden to the house.

From that Friday morning until the evening of the following day Elinor was quite alone.

Hour after hour she spent pacing the terrace, looking down into the valley. On Friday night, unable to sleep, she threw a rug over her shoulders and went down to her garden. The village slept quietly, but there was a light in Ward's small window near the church. She remained on the terrace until the light was extinguished.

At dinner that Saturday Boroday's empty place cast a gloom over the meal. Walter Huff came a little late. Under the ease of his greeting there was a touch of uneasiness as he met Elinor's eyes. When the servants left the room, Talbot leaned forward to Walter.

"Now tell us about it," he said.
Huff was frankly triumphant, but he still avoided Elinor's eyes.

"It's working out exactly as I knew it would," he explained. "Having once had a parish house they cannot do without it. The vestry carried only about a third enough insurance. And there's another point in our favor—the rector's away. He's got rheumatism. They are going to take up an additional purse to send him to Baden Baden."

"When?"
"Tomorrow morning. And tomorrow being Sunday, the assistant rector, Elinor's friend, will have it in charge until Monday morning."

"I shall warn him," said Elinor suddenly.

There was silence for a moment. Talbot smiled. Lethbridge looked astounded. Huff, bending forward with his arms out before him on the table, confronted Elinor squarely.

"That's it, is it?" he said.
"I asked you not to do—what you have done. The children used it all the time. They played basketball here. Besides, my wish should mean something to you."

Huff shrugged his shoulders.
"If I had burned a tenement full of people—"

"A man was nearly killed. He was on the ridge-pole of the church and they turned the full strength of the water on him. I saw it. I—almost fainted."

"You saw it?"
"I was there," said Elinor quietly.
Huff rose angrily.
"You were there? And who was it who almost fell off the roof? Your person, I suppose."

Talbot glanced the boy. It was Lethbridge who took up the argument. He understood her position and sym-

pathized he said. The fire was a mistake. But now that it was done—He spoke of Boroday's critical condition, of their safety that depended on his, and finding her attitude to be unyielding, took refuge in her father's memory.

"If anything comes out, it will all come out," he reminded her. "It seems to me, Elinor, that you owe it to your father not to interfere. This isn't a new plan. Four or five years ago when the parish house was first built, we talked it over here. And it isn't as though we mean to hurt this fellow Ward. It will be three to one; he'll make no resistance."

"Yes," she said. "Three to one. That is the way we fight. Oh, I'm one of you. I know that—but it sickens me, sometimes."

The men were astounded, frankly uncomfortable.
The conference got nowhere. Elinor acknowledged their duty to the Russian, offered all her jewels, in fact, for his defense. But she stubbornly refused to countenance the attack on Mr. Ward. Huff lapsed into sullen silence, his eyes on her. The other men found every argument met by silence, except for one passionate outburst.

"He is my friend," she cried. "I have never had any friends, except once years ago, a girl. It was Boroday who used my friendship for her. It was the Rutherford matter. Walter would not remember, but the rest of you—I tell you I won't do this thing."

Talbot tried a new method. "It's a wealthy congregation," he explained. "It is not much for them, and it's safety for us. If we let Boroday go up, and he thinks what he will about us, he can make it bad for all of us."

Elinor turned on him.
"I don't care a rap for the congregation. Do you think he will let that money go without a struggle? The



The Car Climbed Slowly.

moment it goes into the offshoot it ceases to be money and becomes a divine trust to him. He'll fight and—someone will be killed."

It dawned even on Talbot after a time that her solitude was for none of them. When he realized it, at last, he sat back with folded arms and frowning brows. Here was mockery, for sure; old Hilary's daughter, reared on pure violence, and in love with a person—old Hilary's daughter and successor, defying the band in its hour of need, and quoting a divine trust, in extinction?

In view of her attitude, there seemed to be nothing to do.
"We'll give it up, of course," said Lethbridge, after a pause.

There had never been any drinking in old Hilary's house. Only abstainers were ever taken into the land. But it was the custom of the two older men to remain at the table over their cigars, giving Walter and Elinor a half-hour together. That night when Elinor rose from the table, Huff, although he rose with the others, made no move to follow her. She looked back from the doorway, a slim, almost childish figure, with beaming eyes.

"You must all try to think kindly of me," she said wistfully. "I care for you as much as I ever did. You are all I have, you three. It is only that I—have been thinking."

For the first time since the organization of the band, there was quarreling that night in old Hilary's paneled library. At the end of an hour Walter

Huff flung out of the door, white with fury. He stumbled through the garden toward the garage, muttering as he went. In the rose alley he met Elinor.

"I was waiting for you," she said simply.
Huff stood before her, and the anger left his face.

"You're the one thing in all the world I felt sure of." His voice was heavy with despair.
"I've been thinking about Boroday—"

"Elinor, how far have things gone between you and this man at St. Jude's?"
She recoiled.
"I hardly know him."

"You think about him?"
She looked down into the valley. "I think of the things he stands for. It just seems to me that, when a man like that, not a dreamer at all, but human and—kind and, when he believes all that he does—"

"It was Ward on the ridge-pole, the one who nearly fell?"
"Yes."

"And you were frightened?"
"It made me sick. I—"

Quite suddenly he crushed her to him. It was as if he meant to drive away this barrier between them by sheer force of his love for her. But, although she held up her face for his kiss, he released her as suddenly without it.

"You're crazy about him?" he said thickly. "I'm not blind. I've got him for this."

CHAPTER VIII.

Saturday evening it was the custom of the Bryants to entertain the rector at dinner.

Now, in his absence, it was the assistant rector who dined in the paneled Jacobean dining room of the Bryant house, swallowing much unspoken distaste as to church policy with his dinner.

Not that Ward was mild. But he had in easy way of listening to the advice of his various influential parishioners and then going ahead and doing as he liked. In nonessentials he always yielded. To him the church was so much bigger than his ritual.

That evening Mrs. Bryant had taken up the question of women in the choir. "Frankly, Mr. Ward," she said, ignoring her fish, "I do not approve of it. It's the feminist movement. I tell you. Before long they'll want to be on the vestry."

Ward glanced up, half smiling. The pear-shaped pearl, which usually hung at his hostess's withered throat, was, naturally, not there. From the pearl to the parish house, from the parish house to Elinor—thus in two leaps of Ward's mind he was far from the subject in hand.

"As president of the Chancel society," said Mrs. Bryant, his honorary president of the Woman's guild, "I protest against women in the choir."

Back to the choir with a jump came Ward's errand mind.

Elinor finds her relations with Huff and Ward becoming daily more difficult. But her problem is solved very suddenly and in an unexpected manner.

WHEN HE FOUND HIS TONGUE

Recruit Took Wind Out of Pompous Surgeon's Sails When He Recovered His Wits.

A very pompous army surgeon was sent to a recruiting depot in the highlands to examine a batch of lads who had taken the king's shilling. The abrupt, overbearing manner of the doctor so frightened one nervous recruit that he was unable to answer the first question as to his name and place of birth.

"Why don't you answer?" roared the doctor. "What's your name, I say?"
Still the panicky recruit could only stare open-mouthed at his questioner, who exclaimed:

"Why, I believe the fellow's stone deaf!" And, taking his watch from his pocket, he held it to the left ear of the recruit, saying: "Can you hear that ticking?"

The youth shook his head. The watch was applied to the other ear with the same effect, and then the doctor opened the vials of his indignation on the head of the would-be soldier.

"What do you mean by enlisting when you are stone deaf? Why, you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it is held within an inch of the drum of your ear!"

And then the worn recruit, finding his tongue at last, said: "She's no' gaun' to last the recruit, finding his tongue at last, said:

And when the doctor holding the watch to his own ear found that it had indeed stopped, his feelings were too powerful to be expressed in words, extensive though his vocabulary ordinarily was.—Glasgow Weekly Herald.

Love Hides the Scars.
"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter, who, in drawing the picture of a friend, having only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues from the housetops.—Exchange.

Getting Something Out of Life.
You are not getting half as much out of life as you have a right to unless you seek to discover the principle involved in your every experience and in every bit of knowledge that you acquire. The acquisition of wealth or power, the garnering of facts, the sensing of joy, sorrow and other emotions mean nothing in themselves. The reason for all experience is the development of the sensibilities in order to broaden the consciousness of the unity of life.

Away Behind.
"Ma, did you promise you would before you were married?"
"My dear, we've been married over twenty years, and your father hasn't caught up yet with the things he promised I should have in the first year."

Something No Girl Wants.
The only way to break a young girl of the pick-eating habit is to tell her confidentially that if she continues to eat she will have a red nose, which is something that no girl wants.—New Orleans States.

ON ANTWERP ROAD

Henry Van Dyke Paints Pen Picture of War's Horrors.

"Why Has This Thing Come Upon Us and Our Children?" Question on Lips of Belgian Refugees.

Along the straight, glistening road, through a dim arcade of drooping trees, a tangle of faded green and gold, dripping with the misty rain of a late October afternoon, a human tide was flowing, not with any surety, with the patient, pathetic slowness of weary feet and numb brains and heavy hearts.

Yet they were in haste, all of these old men and women, fathers and mothers and little children; they were flying as fast as they could, either away from something that they feared or toward something that they desired.

For that was the strange thing—the tide on the road flowed in two directions.

Some fled away from ruined homes to escape the perils of war. Some fled back to escape the desolation of exile. But all were fugitives, anxious to be gone, starving along the road one way or the other and making no more speed than a creeping snail's pace of unutterable fatigue.

I saw many separate things in the tide, Henry Van Dyke writes in Scribner's.

A boy straining to push a wheelbarrow with his pale mother in it, and his two little sisters at his side. A peasant with his two girls driving their lean, dejected cows back to some unknown pasture. A boy horse-tugging at a wagon heaped high with bedding and household gear, on top of which sat the wrinkled grandmother with the thickest baby in her arms, while the rest of the family stumbled alongside—and the cat was curled up on the softest corner in the wagon.

Two punting dogs, with red tongues hanging out and spayed feet clawing the road, tugging a heavy-laden cart while the master pushed behind and the woman pulled at the shaft. Strange, antique vehicles crammed with passengers. Couples and groups and sometimes larger companies of foot travelers. Now and then a solitary man or woman, old and shabby, bundle on back, eyes on the road, plodding through the mud and the mist, under the high archway of yellowing leaves.

All these distinct pictures I saw, yet it was all one vision—a vision of humanity with its dumb companions in flight—infinitely slow, painful, pitiful flight!

I saw no tears. I heard no cries of complaint. But beneath the dumb and patient haste on all those faded faces I saw a question:

"What have we done? Why has this thing come upon us and our children?"

Somewhere I heard a trumpet blown. The spikes on the helmets of a little troop of soldiers flashed for an instant, far down the sloppy road. Through the humid dusk came the dull, distant booming of the unseen guns of conquest in Flanders.

That was the only answer.

Heyday of the Goldsmith.
The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the heyday of the English goldsmith. The crusaders had brought back with them from the Orient tales of jewels and enamels which they poured into the wondering ears of the fine craftsmen. Money was plentiful and the mighty church was the patron of art. Then were whole streets turned over to the workshops of the goldsmiths, shops which somewhat resembled the workshop of the armorer in the Riggs collection at the Metropolitan museum. There were the same Gothic doorway, the same oaken panels carved with extravagant floral fancies; the shrine of the saint was all ways present, but where the armor-patron saint was St. Eustace, St. Dunstan was the patron saint of all goldsmiths—no shop complete without him.

Fatal Engine Fumes.
The poisonous character of the fumes arising from a gasoline engine may be appreciated by the following extract from a recently published book. "If a gasoline engine producing 5 cubic feet of CO per minute were allowed to run in a tightly closed garage that was 12 feet high, 15 feet long and 15 feet wide; that is, having a capacity of 2,700 cubic feet, it could produce an atmosphere, if the latter were thoroughly mixed, containing about 1 per cent CO in about five minutes. This percentage of CO in air is a fatal proportion, and would probably kill a person in less than a minute. In fact, an exposure for as long as 20 minutes to an air containing as little as 0.25 per cent CO would make most people very ill."

New Roof and Panel Material.
A plant has been established at Bold, near Widnes, Lancashire, for the manufacture of asbestos-cement sheeting, plain and corrugated. It is claimed, writes Consul Horace Lee Washington at Liverpool, that the product will be of special value in the work of European construction when the war is over. It will compete with various materials hitherto used for paneling and roofing, and more particularly with galvanized iron. It is claimed that the sheeting is fireproof, and will last for many years. The process of manufacture is described as similar to that of paper making.

Coveted by All.
But possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price, \$1.00—Adv.

He Didn't Care.
A man pushed his way hurriedly into the subway at Brooklyn bridge in New York. In his haste he collided with another man, who was not too hot to fight.

"Look where you're going," shouted the militant as he grabbed the other. "I'm going to knock your block off."

"I'm going to knock your block off," said the other with an air of resignation.

The man who wanted to fight laughed while everybody in the car joined in.

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Worried.
"I don't know what I'll do if my boy has to go to war."

"I wouldn't worry so much if I were you. Perhaps he won't be drafted."

"I know, but I just can't bear the thought of him ever having to go."

"That is a fear that all mothers have to face. Has your son registered?"

"Dear me, no, not yet. But I'm just worried to death for fear that some day he will be called away from me."

"How old is your boy?"
"Just six months old yesterday, and the loveliest boy that ever was born."

After the Storm in the Third Eye.
The storm in the third eye is a common occurrence. It is caused by the overuse of the eyes, and is characterized by a redness and swelling of the conjunctiva. It is usually accompanied by a discharge of tears, and is often relieved by the use of eye drops.

Every Woman Wants.
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Her "Heaven Day."

The day after Prosecuting Attorney Florence G. Murphy and his deputies raided on a Munich "blind tiger" and arrested 50 persons found there, many of the men going to jail on various charges, the wife of one of those whose fate it was to be locked up, was confiding in Betty Hanner, the elevator man at the Wyler building, in which Murphy has his office, says the Indianapolis News.

"I'm considerably worried," she told him, "about my Monday dinner yesterday and thought Mr. Murphy might straighten things out. You see, my husband started away from home about ten o'clock in the morning to get some meat for dinner and said he intended to stop in at the club (all 'tigers' are clubs in Munich) and get a bottle of beer on the way, like he always does Sundays. Well, he hasn't brought that meat home yet, and meat nowadays costs too much to waste."

Facts are stubborn things that never apologize.

Imitating the Prodigal.
A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift.

"Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by."

"I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I shall arise and go to my father."

Honest Advertising.
THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claim unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be.

That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

Imitations are to be found in some stores and only because of the Castoria that Mr. Fletcher created. But it is not the genuine Castoria that Mr. Fletcher honestly advertised, honestly placed before the public, and from which he honestly expects to receive his reward.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher in Canada than in any other country. The opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world